

PASTORAL

Upon the DEATH of
HER GRACE
THE
Dutcheſs of Ormond.

*Qua nihil majus, meliusve Terris
Fata donavere, boniq; Divi,
Nec dabunt: Quamvis redeant in Aurum
Tempora priſcum.* Horat.

MYRTILLO. ALEXIS.

Myrtillo. **I**F loaded Eye-lids, and a clouded Brow,
Croſs'd Arms, and riſing Sighs, great Sorrow ſhew;
And if one Friend may know anothers care,
Why theſe ſad Marks does my *Alexis* wear?

Alexis. *Alas, Myrtillo! caſt thy eyes around,
And tell me, What like comfort's to be found?
The Sun has not ſent forth one chearful Ray,
But worn a Cloud of Mourning all the day.
See how our drooping Flocks no Paſtures heed,
But bleat about us, and neglect to feed!
Let Nature look in all her Orders ſad;
Nor Envy dare to ſhew it, if ſhe's glad;
Since nothing, nothing now can Joy reſtore,
For Fate has ſtruck, and PYRRHA is no more.*

Myrtillo. *PYRRHA! for whom our daily Vows we pay'd,
And beſt-lov'd Younglings on the Altar lay'd;
For whoſe long Well-fare, Life, and happy State,
All grateful Pray'rs on the good Gods did wait;
Whoſe Virtue Nymphs were taught to copy young,
For 'twas the Theme of ev'ry Shepherds Song:
Has Fate at laſt prevail'd! And is SHE gone!
O whither now ſhall many wretched run!
The Injur'd, for Redreſs; the Poor, for Aid;
Worth, for Reward; or Grief, to be allay'd:
Since Juſtice, Pity, Bounty, quits our Plains;
But Sorrow grows Eternal, and remains.*

Alexis. *As full-blown Flow'rs, that long have deck'd the ground,
And with their Odours fill'd the Air around,
Bend down their beads at laſt to Mother Earth,
And fade away, though to a ſecond Birth;*

Or

Or as tall *Cædars*, who (*admir'd*) have stood
 For many years the *Glory* of the *Wood*,
 Finding in time their *sacred Roots* decay,
 Are by the next rude *Tempest* torn away :
 So flourish'd *PYRRHA*, and as high did rise,
 Adorn'd the *Earth*, and seem'd to reach the *Skies*.
 Fair, without blemish ; Lofty, without *Pride* :
 But, Oh ! the *Tempest* rose, and *PYRRHA* dy'd !
 Gone then's all *Spring*, now *Winter's* only ours ;
 Sighs rise like *Storms*, and *Tears* must fall like *Show'rs* :

Myrtillo. If full of *Years* and *Honours* *PYRRHA* fell,
 Grief may with *Swains* of humbler *Talents* dwell,
 While to a nobler *Work* our minds we raise,
 Suspend our *Sorrows*, and proclaim Her *Praise*.

Alexis As round *Heav'n's* *Throne* whole *Choirs* of *Angels* throng,
 Yet all their *Triumph's* one *Eternal Song* :
 So here on *Earth* should *PYRRHA's* *Praises* last,
 Till *Time's* no more, and *Natures* works lie wast.

Myrtillo. Then let us tune our *Reeds* ; Thou first the *Lay*
 Begin ; Our *Flocks* shall listen, and I'll play :
 So up to *PYRRHA's* *Fame* our *Notes* we'll raise,
 Suspend our *Sorrows*, and proclaim her *Praise*.

Alexis. Mean time, ye boundless *Winds*, your *Custs* forbear,
 And all ye *Hills* and *Valleys* round give ear ;
 Keep back ye *Rivers*, and forbear to run,
 Till the great *Tale* of *PYRRHA's* *Fame* be done :
 Then let each wind bear it where-e'r it blows,
 Catch it, ye *Hills* and *Valleys*, as it goes,
 With your assenting *Ecchoes* in the close. }
 Murmur it, *Floods*, as to your *Seas* ye creep,
 And with it add new *Wonders* to the *Deep* ;
 For the *Renown* of *PYRRHA's* *Name* shall last
 Till *Time's* no more, and *Natures* Works lie wast.

Myrtillo. On then.

Alexis. — As *Stars* before the rising day
 Seem in their *Orbs* to sink, and dive away ;
 So all the *Nymphs* upon our fertile *Plains*,
 Though proud and cruel to their sighing *Swains*,
 When *PYRRHA's* pow'rful *Charms* approach'd, they fail'd,
 And any *Satyr* might have then prevail'd :
 So much in blooming *Youth* cou'd she surprize,
 Sh'ad all the panting *Hearts* and wishing *Eyes*.
 Come then, ye *Nymphs* of *Arcadia*, draw near,
 Weep round her *Earth*, and all your *Garlands* tear ;
 For *PYRRHA's* *Beauty* once no *Equal* knew ;
 But *Fate* has seiz'd Her now, and must have You.

Myr.

Myrtillo. PYRRHA's bright Eyes enlightned every Grove;
 And fir'd at last ALCANDER's Heart with Love;
 The Nymph found Him a Triumph worth Her Charms;
 And She alone was fit to fill His Arms :
 Many did either Conquest with t'have made;
 But only They each other could invade ;
 For in Her Form did Nature seem improv'd,
 And He was fram'd to Love and be Belov'd :
 Therefore Heav'n smil'd, and all the Stars look'd kind;
 When Pyrrha and Alcander's Hearts were joyn'd.

Alexis. Who has not heard of great Alcander's Name;
 So long the Muses Tusk, and Pride of Fame?
 Pan early chose, and made him great in Pow'r,
 When the Wolves rag'd, and did our Flocks devour:
 He took the guard of the molested Plains ;
 Saw our Lambs fed, and chear'd Us frighted Swains;
 Wak'd with us 'midst dark Nights and pinching Colds;
 To drive the howling Monsters from our Folds :
 In all which time, PYRRHA, His charming Bride,
 Oft came, and watch'd as He did, by His side ;
 Of his worst dangers still her part would bear,
 And for all Joys She gave Him, ask'd but care.
 Now, ye poor Flocks, go bleat about, and stray ;
 Ye Shepherds, cast your Srips and Hooks away ;
 Stretch'd on the ground, your fatal loss bemoan,
 And call on PYRRHA's Name at ev'ry groan.

Myrtillo. Full Fifty happy years this matchless Pair
 Liv'd in unshaken Love ; No Jealous care,
 Or mean Distrust, did once their Joys molest,
 So in a Noble Off-spring were They blest,
 Of Warlike Youths, worthy their Fathers Name,
 And Daughters, spotless as their Mothers Fame :
 Bold Celadon, the Darling of loud War,
 And Strephon now, whose pious shoulders bear }
 The burden of his aged Fathers care ;
 Young Damon, lovely as the Beams that play
 about our East, and lead the coming Day ;
 Fair Phyllida, who was with Egon wed,
 And blest Him with a Faithful Fruitful Bed ;
 Generous Lysca too, by Nature taught
 To recommend the poor mans cause unsought.

Alexis All these the Off-spring were of PYRRHA's Womb :
 Come then, ye Mothers, mourn around Her Tomb :
 In PYRRHA's Name your Mystick Rites perform,
 When to your Aid ye would Lucina charm,

Either

*Either the lab'ring Matrons pangs to ease,
Or bless the Barren Mourner with increase.*

*Myrtillo. Oh! kind Alexis, still pursue thy Song,
How these fair Branches grew, or wither'd young.*

*Alexis. Brave Celadon through Fate untimely fail'd,
And was by Pan and all his Train bewail'd;
Some mourning Muses sung Him to His Tomb,
Yet others felt more grief, and thence were dumb.
Young Damon faded in His Beauties Pride,
And Phyllida no less lamented dy'd.
But long may Strephon's Life rejoyce the years
Of good Alcander, and assist His Cares.
Fulness of time, kind Heav'n, to Lysca give,
Tis for your Honour, Gods, that She should live;
For She, the more of days you Her afford,
By Her good Deeds will make You more ador'd;
Since Lysca was of pious PYRRHA born,
And PYRRHA's Virtues Lysca's Heart adorn.*

Myrtillo. But what shall now give good Alcander joy?

*Alexis. The Gods, when Fate took Celadon away,
Call'd Daphnis forth, th' Heroick Race to run,
Which his great Parent had so well begun:
From Celadon's brave Loom, young Daphnis came,
Full of His Heat, and conscious of His Fame,
Whose Mind his Fathers Deeds did so employ,
He grew Alcander's Hopes, and PYRRHA's joy.
PYRRHA lov'd Daphnis, and with pleasure found
The Hero's Virtues in the Youth abound.
When Daphnis languish'd, PYRRHA did provide
The charming soft Aminta for His Bride:
Aminta! tender as the Lambs that play
In Sunny morns, and Innocent as They;
Sweet as those Ev'ning Airs that gently blow
Where the rich fragrant Eastern Spices grow;
Calm as our Groves in a fair Summers Night,
And Lovely as the first-created Light.
Daphnis was born, Aminta's with Him joy'd,
To chase all sorrows from Alcander's mind;
To add new Honours to His store of Fame,
And a long Race of Heroes to His Name:
His Name, which shall, with PYRRHA's Praises, last
Till Times no more, and Natures Works lie wast.*